Periodical
MAY, 1933

THE CRISIS

FIFTEEN CENTS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

MARXISM and the NEGRO PROBLEM
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A Record of the Darker Races

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, *Editor and Manager*

Volume 40, No. 5 **Contents for May, 1933** *Whole No. 270*

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THE JUNE CRISIS

"THINE OWN SELF."
A personal revelation, by Roland Hayes.

THE SLATER FUND.
The story of the foundation.

THE JAPANESE IN CALIFORNIA.
By J. Max Bond.

And a continuation of the articles on the new racial philosophy.

JUNE.... The Problem of *Government and Law*, with a history of the Negro vote and a forecast of its future.

JULY.... The Problem of *Delinquency and Dependency*, with an article on "The Class Struggle Within the Negro Race".

Future numbers will treat *Education, Civil Rights, Race Pride, Religion and Pan Africa.*

Those morons who see salvation in Beer are in for disillusion.

•

Spring is here but only the birds have time to notice it. It's still winter for men and dogs.

•

The spectacle of Great Britain and France defending China against Japan reminds us of two fat tabbies taking charge of the interests of mice.

•

We remember with a degree of comfort that it was the National City Bank which annexed Haiti and despoiled Liberia. There's still a bit of justice in the world, though we could do with more.

•

Who said Socialism? No sir, the bills to subsidize agriculture, nationalize forestry and dole out charity to the states are just examples of rugged American individualism done on a Marxian scale.

•

We have noticed with keen joy the several attempts of Wall Street to stage a rising stock market long enough to attract a few nice lambs to its precincts. To date, these booms have resounded with failure.

AS THE CROW FLIES

After all, what is the difference between nationalcitybanking and theft? It's safer and you can't lose even if convicted.

•

We're still on the Gold Standard and there's no inflation. Also, the Constitution is perfect; there's Justice in our courts; and any man willing to work can find work. All of which proves that one Lie is as good as another.

•

If the League of Nations demands the withdrawal of Japan from Manchuria, why not keep up the good work and demand the withdrawal of England from Hong-Kong, and of the French from Annam. And then for good measure, it might inquire about United States Marines in Haiti.

•

One thing that might stop war would be an unlimited dose of pensions. We got mighty fresh and free with human beings in 1918 and now they're getting back at us.

It is not so much what Roosevelt has done as it is that he is doing something and is eager to admit that something must be done. Four years of stolid inertia in the White House has prepared us to welcome even an energetic game of tag.

•

America has a reputation of being quick, alert, intelligent and resourceful. Looking back on the history of the last four years, we'd like to know where in hell that reputation came from.

•

If ever the Lord created a meek set of dumb sheep shivering in the gales of circumstance and bleating for anything in the line of a shepherd, that's us here and now in the year of disgrace, 1933, and the merry month of May.

•

Nobody ever thought of Herbert Hoover and Abraham Lincoln in the same breath, except Herbert Hoover. In 1864, Lincoln had freed the slaves and was bringing the war to a close. The Democrats called the war futile and asked the nation to vote for McClellan. The nation refused. Today, the "Pilot of Shipwreck" compares himself to Lincoln!

THE CRISIS was founded in 1910. It is published monthly at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Crisis Publishing Company, Inc., and is the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The subscription price is $1.50 a year or 15c a copy. Foreign subscriptions $1.75. The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due a blue renewal blank is enclosed. The address of a subscriber may be changed as often as desired, but both the old and new address must be given and two weeks' notice is necessary. Manuscripts and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage and while THE CRISIS uses every care it assumes no responsibility for their safety in transit. Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879, and additional second class entry at Albany, N. Y.

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Marxism and The Negro Problem

By W. E. B. DU BOIS

KARL MARX was a Jew born at Treves, Germany, in March, 1818. He came of an educated family and studied at the Universities of Bonn and Berlin, planning first to become a lawyer, and then to teach philosophy. But his ideas were too radical for the government. He turned to journalism, and finally gave his life to economic reform, dying in London in 1883, after having lived in Germany, Belgium, France, and, for the last thirty-five years of his life, in England. He published in 1867, the first volume of his monumental work, "Capital."

There are certain books in the world which every searcher for truth must know: the Bible, the Critique of Pure Reason, the Origin of Species, and Karl Marx' "Capital."

Yet until the Russian Revolution, Karl Marx was little known in America. He was treated condescendingly in the universities, and regarded even by the intelligent public as a radical agitator whose curious and inconvenient theories it was easy to refute. Today, at last, we all know better, and we see in Karl Marx a colossal genius of infinite sacrifice and monumental industry, and with a mind of extraordinary logical keenness and grasp. We may disagree with many of the great books of truth that I have named, and with "Capital," but they can never be ignored.

At a recent dinner to Einstein, another great Jew, the story was told of a professor who was criticized as having "no sense of humor" because he tried to explain the Theory of Relativity in a few simple words. Something of the same criticism must be attached to anyone who attempts similarly to indicate the relation of Marxian philosophy and the American Negro problem. And yet, with all modesty, I am essaying the task knowing that it will be but tentative and subject to much criticism, both on my own part and that of other abler students.

The task which Karl Marx set himself was to study and interpret the organization of industry in the modern world. One of Marx's earlier works, "The Communist Manifesto," issued in 1848, on the eve of the series of democratic revolutions in Europe, laid down this fundamental proposition.

"That in every historical epoch the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which is built up, and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch; that consequently the whole history of mankind. . . . has been a history of class struggles, contest between exploiting and exploited, ruling and oppressed classes; that the history of these class struggles forms a series of evolution in which, now-a-days, a stage has been reached where the exploited and oppressed class (the proletariat) cannot attain its emancipation from the sway of the exploiting and ruling class (the bourgeoisie) without, at the same time, and once and for all, emancipating society at large from all exploitation, oppression, class-distinction and class-struggles."

All will notice in this manifesto, phrases which have been used so much lately and so carelessly that they have almost lost their meaning. But behind them still is living and insistent truth. The *class struggle* of exploiter and exploited is a reality. The capitalist still today owns machines, materials, and wages with which to buy labor. The laborer even in America owns little more than his ability to work. A wage contract takes place between these two and the resultant manufactured commodity or service is the property of the capitalist.

Here Marx begins his scientific analysis based on a mastery of practically all economic theory before his time and on an extraordinary, thoroughgoing personal knowledge of industrial conditions over all Europe and many other parts of the world.

His final conclusions were never all properly published. He lived only to finish the first volume of his "Capital," and the other two volumes were completed from his papers and notes by his friend Engels. The result is an unfinished work, extraordinarily difficult to read and understand and one which the master himself would have been first to criticize as not properly representing his mature and finished thought.

Nevertheless, that first volume, together with the fairly evident meaning of the others, lay down a logical line of thought. The gist of that philosophy is that the value of products regularly exchanged in the open market depends upon the labor necessary to produce them; that capital consists of machines, materials and wages paid for labor; that out of the finished product, when materials have been paid for and the wear and tear and machinery replaced, and wages paid, there remains a surplus value. This surplus value arises from labor and is the difference between what is actually paid laborers for their wages and the market value of the commodities which the laborers produce. It represents, therefore, exploitation of the laborer, and this exploitation, inherent in the capitalistic system of production, is the cause of poverty, of industrial crises, and eventually of social revolution.

This social revolution, whether we regard it as voluntary revolt or the inevitable working of a vast cosmic law of social evolution, will be the last manifestation of the class struggle, and will come by inevitable change induced by the very nature of the conditions under which present production is carried on. It will come by the action of the great majority of men who compose the wage-earning proletariat, and it will result in common ownership of all capital, the disappearance of capitalistic exploitation, and the division of the products and services of industry according to human needs, and not according to the will of the owners of capital.

It goes without saying that every step of this reasoning and every presentation of supporting facts have been bitterly assailed. The labor theory of value has been denied; the theory of surplus value refuted; and inevitability of revolution scoffed at; while industrial crises—at least until this present one—have been defended as unusual exceptions proving the rule of modern industrial efficiency.

But with the Russian experiment and the World Depression most thoughtful men today are beginning to admit:

That the continued recurrence of industrial crises and wars based largely on economic rivalry, with persistent poverty, unemployment, disease and crime, are forcing the world to contemplate the possibilities of fundamental change in our economic methods; and that means thorough-going change, whether it be violent, as in France or Russia, or peaceful, as seems just as possible, and just as true to the Marxian formula, if it is fundamental change; in any case, Revolution seems bound to come.

Perhaps nothing illustrates this better than recent actions in the United States: our re-examination of the whole concept of Property; our banking moratorium; the extraordinary new agriculture bill; the plans to attack unemployment, and similar measures. Labor rather than gambling is the sure foundation of value and whatever we call it—exploitation, theft or business acumen—there is something radically wrong with an industrial system that turns out simultaneously paupers and millionaires and

sets a world starving because it has too much food.

What now has all this to do with the Negro problem? First of all, it is manifest that the mass of Negroes in the United States belong distinctly to the working proletariat. Of every thousand working Negroes less than a hundred and fifty belong to any class that could possibly be considered bourgeois. And even this more educated and prosperous class has but small connection with the exploiters of wage and labor. Nevertheless, this black proletariat is not a part of the white proletariat. Black and white work together in many cases, and influence each other's rates of wages. They have similar complaints against capitalists, save that the grievances of the Negro worker are more fundamental and indefensible, ranging as they do, since the day of Karl Marx, from chattel slavery, to the worst paid, sweated, mobbed and cheated labor in any civilized land.

And while Negro labor in America suffers because of the fundamental inequities of the whole capitalistic system, the lowest and most fatal degree of its suffering comes not from the capitalists but from fellow white laborers. It is white labor that deprives the Negro of his right to vote, denies him education, denies him affiliation with trade unions, expels him from decent houses and neighborhoods, and heaps upon him the public insults of open color discrimination.

It is no sufficient answer to say that capital encourages this oppression and uses it for its own ends. This may have excused the ignorant and superstitious Russian peasants in the past and some of the poor whites of the South today. But the bulk of American white labor is neither ignorant nor fanatical. It knows exactly what it is doing and it means to do it. William Green and Mathew Woll of the A. F. of L. have no excuse of illiteracy or religion to veil their deliberate intention to keep Negroes and Mexicans and other elements of common labor, in a lower proletariat as subservient to their interests as theirs are to the interests of capital.

This large development of a petty bourgeoisie within the American laboring class is a post-Marxian phenomenon and the result of the tremendous and world wide development of capitalism in the 20th Century. The market of capitalistic production has gained an effective world-wide organization. Industrial technique and mass production have brought possibilities in the production of goods and services which out-run even this wide market. A new class of technical engineers and managers has arisen forming a working class aristocracy between the older proletariat and the absentee owners of capital. The real owners of capital are small as well as large investors—workers who have deposits in savings banks and small holdings in stocks and bonds; families buying homes and purchasing commodities on installment; as well as the large and rich investors.

Of course, the individual laborer gets but an infinitesimal part of his income from such investments. On the other hand, such investments, in the aggregate, largely increase available capital for the exploiters, and they give investing laborers the capitalistic ideology. Between workers and owners of capital stand today the bankers and financiers who distribute capital and direct the engineers.

Thus the engineers and the saving better-paid workers, form a new petty bourgeois class, whose interests are bound up with those of the capitalists and antagonistic to those of common labor. On the other hand, common labor in America and white Europe far from being motivated by any vision of revolt against capitalism, has been blinded by the American vision of the possibility of layer after layer of the workers escaping into the wealthy class and becoming managers and employers of labor.

Thus in America we have seen a wild and ruthless scramble of labor groups over each other in order to climb to wealth on the backs of black labor and foreign immigrants. The Irish climbed on the Negroes. The Germans scrambled over the Negroes and emulated the Irish. The Scandinavians fought forward next to the Germans and the Italians and "Bohunks" are crowding up, leaving Negroes still at the bottom chained to helplessness, first by slavery, then by disfranchisement and always by the Color Bar.

The second influence on white labor both in America and Europe has been the fact that the extension of the world market by imperial expanding industry has established a world-wide new proletariat of colored workers, toiling under the worst conditions of 19th century capitalism, herded as slaves and serfs and furnishing by the lowest paid wage in modern history a mass of raw material for industry. With this largess the capitalists have consolidated their economic power, nullified universal suffrage and bribed the white workers by high wages, visions of wealth and the opportunity to drive "niggers." Soldiers and sailors from the white workers are used to keep "darkies" in their "places" and white foremen and engineers have been established as irresponsible satraps in China and India, Africa and the West Indies, backed by the organized and centralized ownership of machines, raw materials, finished commodities and land monopoly over the whole world.

How now does the philosophy of Karl Marx apply today to colored labor? First of all colored labor has no common ground with white labor. No soviet of technocrats would do more than exploit colored labor in order to raise the status of whites. No revolt of a white proletariat could be started if its object was to make black workers their economic, political and social equals. It is for this reason that American socialism for fifty years has been dumb on the Negro problem, and the communists cannot even get a respectful hearing in America unless they begin by expelling Negroes.

On the other hand, within the Negro groups, in the United States, in West Africa, in South America and in the West Indies, petty bourgeois groups are being evolved. In South America and the West Indies such groups drain off skill and intelligence into the white group, and leave the black labor poor, ignorant and leaderless save for an occasional demagog.

In West Africa, a Negro bourgeoisie is developing with invested capital and employment of natives and is only kept from the conventional capitalistic development by the opposition and enmity of white capital, and the white managers and engineers who represent it locally and who display bitter prejudice and tyranny; and by white European labor which furnishes armies and navies and Empire "preference." African black labor and black capital are therefore driven to seek alliance and common ground.

In the United States also a petty bourgeoisie is being developed, consisting of clergymen, teachers, farm owners, professional men and retail business men. The position of this class, however, is peculiar: they are not the chief or even large investors in Negro labor and therefore exploit it only here and there; and they bear the brunt of color prejudice because they express in word and work the aspirations of all black folk for emancipation. The revolt of any black proletariat could not, therefore, be logically directed against this class, nor could this class join either white capital, white engineers or white workers to strengthen the color bar.

Under these circumstances, what shall we say of the Marxian philosophy and of its relation to the American Negro? We can only say, as it seems to me, that the Marxian philosophy is a true diagnosis of the situation in Europe in the middle of the 19th Century despite some of its logical difficulties. But it must be modified in the United States of America and especially so far as the Negro group is concerned. The Negro is exploited to a degree that means poverty, crime, delinquency and indigence. And that exploitation comes not from a black capitalistic class but from the white capitalists and equally from the white proletariat. His only defense is such internal organization as will

(*Will you please turn to page* 118)

The Last Word in Cuba

By MARGARET ROSS MARTIN

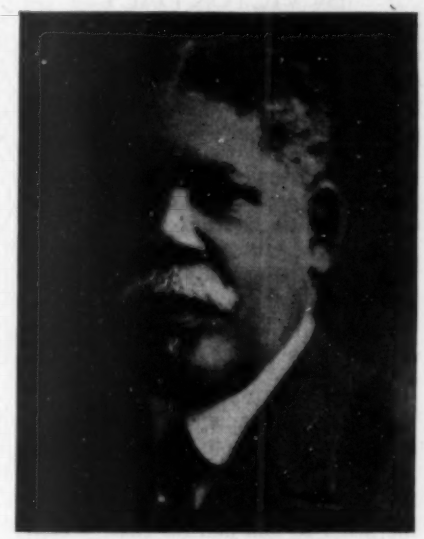
SMALL of stature, penetrating of eye, this little intellectual giant, one of the most outstanding Cubans of all time, carried himself with the bearing of a monarch. And monarch he truly was. Well past the traditional "threescore years and ten," he lived in rigid seclusion until some of the present manipulators of his beloved Cuba's affairs bungled things too exasperatingly, and then, unable to restrain himself longer in patient silence, he blurted out. And when Juan Gualberto Gomez spoke, all Cuba stopped to listen—and heed. For this little brown man was the last word in Cuban affairs.

Born of slave parents in the little sugar-mill village of Vellocino, in the historic province of Matanzas, his first impressions of life under the unspeakable conditions of his slave environment, undoubtedly figured largely in the development of the tenacious radicalism which later characterized him. Juan Gualberto was a precocious child and his parents made a valiant effort to give him an education. Advancing literally inch by inch, they managed to get him through the Primary schools and into an apprenticeship for the trade of carriage builder, a trade regarded by them as adequate for a modest colored boy. But it was not long before this insatiable youth, fortified by his own earnings, availed himself of all the higher education within reach, and then audaciously sailed away to Paris.

Timid from the inhibitions of a slave background, the atmosphere of liberty and equality flourishing in France at that time, awakened in him a consciousness of his true status as a man and spurred him on to attempt greater things. Securing a position as private secretary to one of the dignitaries in the Cuban Embassy, it was his privilege to move among the greatest figures of the times in France.

He slept but little. His duties by day were many and exacting, and he spent almost all of the night in study. Here he learned many things about liberty and civil rights which hitherto he had not dreamed were possible to himself and his people. Much of the French Revolution propaganda, he translated into Spanish and sent to Cuba for circulation. Thus was initiated one of the most picturesque and spectacular of journalistic careers.

Eventually he left France and went to Madrid, where he served as secretary to Rafael Maria de Labra, President of the Spanish Abolitionist Society, whose sympathy and cooperation were freely given toward the redemption of Cuba.



Don Gualberto Gomez-Ferrer

Soon Gomez could devote his entire time to writing, and, as reporter for several newspapers, he never missed a day in the Cortes. Here he met and gained the warmest friendship of those higher up in Spanish politics. Here, as in France, he learned much in his daily associations. All of which he immediately transmitted to "La Lucha"—Havana's revolutionary daily newspaper.

So pleasant and satisfying was life in Spain, that had not this zealous young Cuban been fired with a vision, he might have remained there in peace and comfort to the end of his days. But feeling that it was his obligation to try to gain for all Cubans the kind of life which he enjoyed, dedicating himself to that end, he sailed for home.

Though he had lived abroad for a number of years, he was well known and highly esteemed in his native land, where he was received with great ceremony and hailed as a leader. Immediately he became editor and director of several publications, at least two of which he founded and published, namely: "La Fraternidad" (Brotherhood) and "Igualdad" (Equality). Believing that in Cuban Independence lay the panacea for all of Cuba's ills, he organized the Separatist Party, and with his eloquence, tenacity and ability to sway multitudes, he soon created the mental attitude toward Independence, which later made it an actuality through Maceo's telling victories. Furthermore, he was farsighted enough to see also that white and colored Cubans striking a concerted blow for their common freedom, would start on an equal footing, thus obviating forever, racial inequality and other internal inharmonies. He lived to see the realization of his dream, and more is the pity, the beginning of its decline.

But victory did not come so easily as telling about it. Cubans, no less than all other people, everywhere, lacked that "sheeplike" characteristic of unanimously and harmoniously following the leader. Juan Gualberto Gomez, like all leaders of all time, encountered a great deal of opposition from those who regarded his ideas as "Utopian." Reactionary propaganda threw him under suspicion, and eventually into prison. From behind prison bars, he wrote and somehow managed to publish all he wrote, with reckless abandon. The most outstanding of these were:—"Why We Are Separatists"—"Separatists Yes, Revolutionists, No"—"In Prison—But!" Hearing of Gomez's plight, his staunch friend in Spain, Rafael de Labra, managed to have the accusation against him changed from—"attempting to foment a revolution"—to—"Troublesome political agitation" and he was released from prison. But his freedom was shortlived. Before very long he was again imprisoned, and this time sent to a Spanish prison in Africa. During the months that he lay in prison awaiting his turn to face the firing squad, which daily mowed down before his eyes, others guilty of lesser crimes than his, the Cause back home suffered shamefully from vacillation and pure cowardice. Many of his own followers treacherously denouncing him, now that danger threatened.

Finally, with that persistent way that Right has of triumphing, whenever adequate channels for its operation can be found, Cuban Independence was born; Juan Gualberto Gomez released and restored to his Country where he began to labor anew, fostering and promoting the democracy for which he had given almost Life itself. In guiding the affairs of the new Republic, his voice has been second to none. He has served variously as senator, Secretary of the Consulting Commission, Member of the Board of Education. He has been decorated with the Grand Cross of Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, the highest honor that the Cuban Government can bestow. It was only recently that he went into retirement.

On March 5, 1933, Gomez died at the age of 78. Up until the last, he stood in the highest esteem of Cuban patriots and almost his dying word was: "Better death than American intervention."

Green Pastures and Black Washington

By VICTOR DALY

THE coming of "de Lawd" to Washington precipitated a crisis in race relations that is of significance not only to colored people the world over, but to thousands of whites who have devoted their lives to the further advancement of oppressed, darker races.

The colored people of Washington pride themselves on the fact that here in the nation's capital, is to be found the intellectual and cultural center of the Negro race. In justification of this assumption they point to Howard University, with its Negro President and a faculty numbering Ph.D.'s by the ream. They refer you to the public school system and nearly one thousand highly paid teachers. They will politely inform you about the Freedmen's Hospital, manned by its staff of colored professional men, internes and nurses. They will mention that great class of government employees, clerks, messengers and what not, who speak of their salaries and not their wages. Finally, your attention will be invited to the practising professional group, physicians, dentists, lawyers, business men—overcrowded, to be sure, but most making a good living. In short, Washington is the city of the white collar, rather than the white coat.

It is obvious that in such a large and diversified group as just described, one will find every color and shade of opinion extant. It would be too much to expect so much intellect ever to be in agreement. However, since there are no local politics in Washington, the opportunity does not often present itself for the intellectuals to come to mental grips. But the arrival of The Green Pastures for a two weeks' run at the National Theatre, where a Negro is not allowed to so much as darken the door, was the opening gun in a battle, the echoes of which even reached to the ultra-conservative *New York Times*.

Long before The Green Pastures arrived in Washington, local dailies carried advertisements to the effect that tickets for this particular play would be sold only at the box office, no reservations would be accepted by telephone or mail. This was done to prevent colored persons from securing tickets. In answer to direct questioning, the management announced boldly that the traditional policy of the National Theatre had not changed and that colored people would not be permitted to enter the theatre.

Events followed rapidly. A committee of colored ministers and representatives of the N.A.A.C.P. went to Baltimore where The Green Pastures was showing and petitioned the cast through Richard B. Harrison, "de Lawd", to refuse to play the National in Washington, unless the theatre withdrew the insult to him and his race. Harrison and the cast were dumb-founded. What of their art, their contracts, their livelihood? They were sorry—deeply pained at the insult to the race—but the play's the thing—the show must go on.

Washington's intelligentsia seethed—some pro, some con. The question was asked, if "de Lawd" won't quit, can't he be kidnapped for the opening performance and the show crippled? The police were notified. Alarm spread. "De Lawd" arrived surrounded with detectives. The theatre lobby and stage entrance were heavily guarded. Police announced over the radio that a kidnapping plot had been uncovered! Daily newspapers carried the story. White people began to realize that Negroes were being barred from seeing their own folk in a play. The *Daily News* (Scripps-Howard) carried a letter from Marc Connelly, the author of the play, decrying the attitude of the National Theatre. Other dailies refused to print the letter. The *News* was immediately cut off from any future advertising by the National Theatre. Negro and white radicals applied for permits to picket and placard the theatre. They were refused, of course. "De Lawd" was wined and dined—under guard.

Then came the "Jim Crow" performance! Sunday night, February 26th, under the auspices of the colored Elk's, the National would stage a special performance for "the colored." The intelligentsia frothed at the mouth. Finley Wilson, Grand Mogul of the Elks felt the public pulse, rushed to print, denied that the Elk's would sponsor a "Jim Crow" show. But the show went on. Various estimates put the attendance at about four or five hundred colored people and a handful of whites. Lots of whites came, saw, growled "Nigger Night"—left.

The *Tribune*, local colored weekly, carried the names of the people of prominence who attended the special performance. Among them were a few teachers, a pair of lawyers, a preacher and a physician. They wanted to see the show, and they went. Kelly Miller added that the cast should not even have been asked to quit. It was an imposition. Others declared that the cast should have resigned en masse. When Charles Edward Russell, who has spent a life time battling to give colored people equal rights, stood on the side walk and watched hundreds of Negroes crowding into the National Theatre to a "Jim Crow" performance, he left—disgusted and discouraged. Does this represent the attitude that thousands of white people will take—people, who are themselves undergoing social proscription in their struggle in behalf of the Negro? Is the Negro trying to lift himself by his boot straps, anyhow? Just what is it that the colored people want, anyway. How far are they willing to go to get what they want?

These and many other questions follow the coming of "de Lawd". Next year the play is to do the deep South—more segregation, more insult, more "Jim Crow." Come on Gabriel, blow that horn!

The White Prophet

By JONATHAN HENDERSON BROOKS

A VOICE, crying in the wilderness,
saying:
"Now you must try yourselves;
That will do your souls more good than
praying.

"For verily I say unto you—
You have not tried yourselves.
You are your own damnation;
You are your lone salvation.

Hearken you,
Hearken you to this:
Self-pride,
Self-trust,
Self-love—
These three—
Will do you more real good
Than all the white gods do.

"Physician, heal thyself.
The gods have naught to give.
A people may lift itself by its own bootstraps.
Honor yourselves;
Trust yourselves;
Love yourselves.
This, do and thou shalt live."

A Christian Program of Race Relations

LAST August, thirty young persons, leaders in Congregational churches of Massachusetts, attended a Young People's Conference at Star Island, Isle of Shoals. Under the direction of Dr. Ralph Harlow of Smith College, they led and discussed race problems and listened to addresses. They finally adopted the following resolutions, which were to be published in denominational papers and taken back to their church groups:

It is the purpose of the members of this group actively to support every sincere and intelligent effort to promote a more friendly relation between the members of the various races.

We likewise hold it is as our common purpose actively to destroy every social and economic barrier which tends to promote race prejudice to prevent the members of any race from realizing the fullest measure of social equality.

We believe that any condition which causes segregation is unkind, unwise in the long run, even unpractical. We therefore would remove such causes of segregation as the following:

1. An amazing ignorance of the characteristics, activities, of the motives and yearnings of members of the races;

2. An almost universal tendency in the realms of business, art, of government, as well as in the professions, if not actually to exclude such people, to make their entrance into such activities palpably difficult and uncomfortable.

3. An apparently magnanimous effort to build and support more elaborate programs and institutions for the care and development of the members of these underprivileged races upon the basis of segregation, rather than promote attitudes and experiences of racial equality within the so-called "white" institutions already existing.

4. A legal restriction, still existing in some sections, which prohibits intermarriage between members of the white race and those of other races. We believe such marriages should be legalized in order that women of the underprivileged groups may not be subjected to exploitation by men of the dominant race.

5. The more obvious and commonplace indications of segregation which are to be found in hotels, restaurants, street cars, and other public places.

We find, furthermore, that our belief in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man directs us toward a certain unity which human experience reveals is not only unkind and ungracious, but also unwise for us to disregard.

We, therefore, the members of this group dedicate ourselves, our minds and our strength to the removal of these superficial causes of very real unhappiness among the citizens of the world.

Wandering Negro Boys

By CARLENA ALEXANDER

"KIN I carry yo' packages for yuh, lady?"

I turned and confronted a gaunt, ragged, black boy, who could have been any age from thirteen to sixteen, shuffling along behind me, in shoes so large that they slipped back and forth on his feet.

"All right, sonny, come along, though I haven't far to go."

He came with an eager, almost trembling acquiescence, the product of many refusals and hurried by my side.

"Where do you live, sonny?" I began encouragingly.

"I sleeps in a basement with a man, lady, but I scuffles around and gits enough to feed myself."

"How old are you?"

"'Bout fourteen."

"Ever go to school?"

"'Spects I ain't been to school much, ma'am. Ain't never had no chance."

"Where is your home, son, your real home, where you used to live?"

Then the story comes out in an incoherent jumble,—from a Georgia farm; ten of them in all; never enough food to go around and so he just started out for himself. He had reached Chicago by devious routes and now couldn't get back to Georgia and "didn't want to go back nohow;" usually had enough to eat, but it was hard getting places to sleep.

A hot meal, a small coin and the promise to "look out" for him if I had any work to be done and this pathetic bundle of rags and young was on his unfortunate way.

This was my introduction to one of the tribes of wandering boys, estimated to be more than two hundred thousand now in America,—a large, too large number of whom must be Negro boys.

My next encounter came shortly after. A kindly druggist stopped me as I was leaving his store. "Know anyone who has an old pair of shoes, not being used?" he asked.

"Why, I don't know. Perhaps. For whom?"

"That kid over there. We see that he makes enough change to get enough to eat to keep him alive, but his feet are just about on the ground and the cold weather coming, he needs shoes badly. Up here from Miss. Doesn't know what a winter up here is like."

Just then the thin, filthy youth standing in the corner, started speaking for himself, "Take me home with yuh lady. I kin work hard. I kin do a man's work. Scrub your floors jest as clean. Let me live with yuh, lady!" he pleaded beseechingly and earnestly.

"That's impossible, sonny, but come along with me now and we'll see what we can do about the shoes."

"Let me stay with yuh, lady," the boy persisted, as we started down the street. "I'se used to doing a man's work in the fields. I'll work hard. I'll show you."

"But I haven't any place for you to sleep, sonny,—just the tiniest apartment."

"Don't take no room for me, ma'am. Jest a corner on the floor anywheres. I ain't no trouble."

After a great deal of explanation the child was only half-convinced that in a small apartment there was no room for a boy, no matter how willing. His story followed: From a farm in Mississippi; age 16; 4th grade in a rural school; on the road about a year. Picked up any work he could get for food; didn't like to beg; sleeps in doorways, churches, parks, etc., in warm weather, but hadn't thought much about winter.

A warm meal, an unsuccessful search for shoes that would fit, and assurance again that there was no room for a hard-working boy, and another boy-vagrant was on his way.

The fine youthful spirit of this boy; his willingness to work; his desire for a home, any corner of a home, left me inexpressively sad. What would happen to this youth, this spirit, this budding intelligence and this willingness to work! Their fate is inevitable; early initiation into vice of the lowest sort,

(*Will you please turn to page* 118)

Song in the Virgin Islands

By MAUD CUNEY-HARE

THE CRISIS published in April the first installment of Mrs. Hare's interesting notes on history and song in the Virgin Islands. This article concludes the story. We trust these articles will help the bond of brotherhood between us and our cousins overseas.

BEFORE leaving the island of St. Croix, Mary Catharine came to see me at the one and only little hotel of the town that she might enjoy the novelty of hearing the old songs played on a piano. Greatly pleased at the dignity bestowed upon them, she became confidential. Her soft speaking voice droned a poem in free verse as she told me something of her life, of how she had led the singing on festive days—

"No sing much now—work too hard;
Sing lots when young; mak a work go fast—
Ironin' or cuttin' cane. No sing much now.
Wind and sun stagnate de cane; dry them;
Me cut it, tie up, load it and carry it to factory.
No sing much now. Work too hard and head ache in de sun.
Sing lots when young."

She broke off her moving discourse to exclaim—"I love you—let me have picture." Squinting in the hot sun, a snap-shot had been taken which gave a better picture of the singer than of the folklorist.

Many of the songs of mockery are of a grossness and vulgarity not unexpected from primitive folk, yet more fundamentally clean than some of the variety songs accepted on the stage today. In a number of Mary Catharine's satirical "carassos" there were seemingly meanless rejoinders. Questioned, our serious visaged folk-singer, straight of back, leant forward from her hips in her mahogany carved chair and with lightened countenance, patiently and musically intoned an explanation. The songs were "taunts."

"You quarrel with me—I quarrel back with you. Put it in a song. Like dis—

"Tiefman (thief), robber-man;
"Mama tief—mama robber;
"Young turkey run and bawl;
"E want de care o' de mudder—"
"Tief man, robber man, ober berrie (overbearing);
"Mama tief, mama robber,
De woman ober berrie;
"Tief de people, dem young turkey (a turkey stolen)
"Carry on!—go rail!"

A jig, described by the singer was nothing more than the familiar Negro dance "Juba" carried to all parts by the African. To the favorite social dance, the quadrille, an accompaniment is played by the flute "which you blow," the guitar "which you pick," and the drum "which you knock." There was, of course, the juira "which you scratch."

At St. Thomas, we were fortunate in gathering a number of more recent folk songs from Miss Juliet Conroy. There was one "Massaline go home." Massaline was a true character who in the jargon of today would be termed a young flapper—not wont to listen to advice, the mother nightly called out to her to come in from the street. The neighbors wearied of the call and with unashamed frankness made up a song which they added to the persistent pleading which came with irritating loudness from the window. Whether the combined efforts brought about the desired effect and cured Massaline's desire of "some place to go," is not told.

I had hoped to find old melodies relating to Santa Anna, whose exploits live in Chanty-dom (folk songs of the sea), who lived here during the period of his banishment as a traitor from Mexico, or of the brigands in Blackbeard's Castle, lawless buccaneers who found hospitable welcome with a scrutiny none too severe to mar their piratical plots. But in this I was disappointed.

The words of the song of the Virgin Islands are often unintelligible because of the unusual, difficult Negro dialect. No better place can be discovered for hearing the speech than down at the coal field on the East side dock of St. Thomas where the men and women gather to carry coal on the ships. A group of laborers were seen standing in the shade of the warehouse waiting for the "Enare," a Norwegian vessel to be fastened to the dock for the purpose of bunking coal. Watching the more energetic ones mending their baskets, a friend accosts a co-worker—

"Yep—devil of a fightin' mon!" and indicating a large basket—"Heavy, mon?"—Fondling his basket, the man replies: "No, mon, it good." The group ventures an opinion that a new one would be preferable. Interest becomes general. One asks the price to mend a basket—

"How much, mon?"—"One basket, one dollar. If me had mok one (make one), me charg' five dollar!"—"O Mon!" is the expostulation.

"'Member, got to hand dry 'em, plait de straw—" But the vessel is ready for bunking coal and a companion calls out "Leave 'lone—cum down to de ship, mon!"

They saunter goodnaturedly toward the coal piles, where women with baskets filled with coal were lolling on the ground, eating bananas and smoking T.D. pipes. Others were walking about chattering, and discussing the writer, the only American on the wharf, with unembarassed curiosity. A girl, passing one of the men, jokingly prods him in the ribs. "Go wan," he exclaimed, "I wan' no wife—got me foot in it now!"

The word "mon" (man) is used even in addressing a boy. Proverbs are sometimes used in song and conversation. There are unusual and quaint ones such as—

"Go on, mon, don't bother me. Monkey nebber hab no trouble till he swallow plum seed."

"The moon can run as fast as it likes, but daylight will catch it." The greeting of "Good night" upon first meeting is derived from a mistaken use of "Buenos noches" of Spanish Porto Rico. The Creole language spoken here is a Creole with a Dutch basis. A Creole bible in the possession of a native family, is one that was printed in Dutch-Creole for the benefit of freed slaves. While there is a strong influence of the French Catholics here, the Moravian-Dutch and Moravian-Dutch Lutheran are prominent faiths.

There are no folk songs in the Virgin Islands that hold the poignant, religious note of the Negro Spirituals of the United States, altho the slaves were not out of touch with the religions of the ruling whites. Count Castenkjöld, the Danish owner of the first estate on the island, gave permission to have his slaves taught the Christian religion. His action was copied by others of the various races that peopled the country. However, no faith practised by the Negro changed his belief in "Obeaism" and "Jumbi-ism"—a superstition that ghosts haunt you if angry. Until today, many superstitions abound in the islands, and within recent years Mr. Lindquist (a St. Thomasinian) had a Negro arrested for selling a charm for $7.00—it was made of a human tooth, a rusty nail, hair of a Negro and a piece of sheep wool.

Seeing a young Negro girl boarding

(*Will you please turn to page* 118)

Two Old Women A-Shopping Go!

A Story of Man, Marriage and Poverty

By ANITA SCOTT COLEMAN

WITHOUT a doubt, Nell had Horace on her mind. There was no forgetting the way he had pleaded with her, the night before. She had fallen to sleep thinking of him, not as on other nights when imagery made vivid by love, brought his dear presence near in her last wakeful moments to drift pleasantly through her dreams. No, not that way, but an unhappy picture of him, nervous and moody, penetrated her sleep and leaped to aliveness with her first wakefulness.

She remembered every word he had said, unfair, cruel words; now they formed crookedly and apart like bits of a jig-saw puzzle as she dressed. His arguments repeated themselves:

"Each day, we are growing older—"

Nell leaned neared the mirror, and scanned her piquant face. Could it be, that she really was aging and losing her charm, as surely as yesterday's flowers that drooped beside her in their squat, brown jar. A tiny line brought Nell's brows, silky, high-arched, brows like the sweep of bird wings, together. She brushed her hair with brisk strokes, while thinking dejectedly:

"You will be old and gray."

Sudden panic seized her; she would not look for gray strands; no, not yet. She was not old, and she would not allow Horace to hurry her, frighten her into marrying him.

She put on her hat, a little round crocheted affair that she had made herself. She put on her coat and drew on her gloves, picked up her bag, and went out, an altogether lovely colored girl.

Nell thought how many mornings had she gone out, thus. Five years and every morning except Sundays, she had taken this same way: three steps down the cobble-stoned walk to the green latticed gate; half a block to the corner, turn North; four blocks to the car-line; a wait five or more minutes for the car; an hour's ride to work.

Last night, Horace had said, pleadingly. . .

"You'll be worn out, all fagged-to-death and, I—I—don't want the girl I marry worked to death before I get her."

Nell tried to brush her troublesome thoughts aside and quickened her steps, then as quickly found herself agreeing with Horace. She was tired, so tired. Unconsciously, the line that drew her lovely brows together, deepened.

She heard voices, and looking up, she saw two old women come trundling towards her.

One was a very black and very stout old lady buttoned to the throat in a long black coat that fitted tightly about the waist and bulged loosely about the hips. She carried a basket on her arm.

One was a very stout and white old lady with near-white-folk's hair straggling from beneath a brown bonnet. She was buttoned into a red knitted sweater. She wore a heavy worsted skirt, and over that, a white, starched apron that tied around her waist. She carried a black shopping-bag in her hand.

Thought Nell; two old ladies out to do their shopping. Making a lark of it, too, she decided as their high cackling old voices came to her. Said one:

"No suh, they'll never come through what we done come through."

The other old woman tuned in quaveringly:

"Lord, chile, they couldn't begin to do't".

"Not wantin' 'im 'cause he ain't rich." Chimed the first.

"Ain't none of us that, neither." Vouchsafed the other.

"The ideas and the whimsies of these 'ere young'uns do beat me." They broke into high cackling laughter. The black old woman changed the basket to her other arm. The old white woman shortened the strings of her bag.

Then they were abreast of Nell. They smiled broadly upon her. The old mulatto nodded her head until the brown feather atop her brown bonnet danced like a live thing. The black old, woman called out: "Howdy!"

"None of 'em will ever stand what we done stood," floated to Nell, like the refrain of a song, as she waited for the car.

Somehow the passing of those two old women changed Nell's day. For the first time, she noticed that the morning was very bright, the sky was blue and tiny knobs of green were putting out on a tree near by.

"They were so cheery, the dears!" She said of the two old women, and sought to dismiss them. She wanted to think of her own perplexities, but the old ladies insisted upon rising up before her. . . Their cackling words: "None of 'em will ever stand what we done stood," caused Nell to toss her head defiantly. How could they know, those two. . . . Old issues that they were! Why, she herself had had her share of trouble, and she was but one of a legion of "Young'uns" as they termed them.

Had she not toiled every day except Sundays for five years, denying herself everything save sheer necessities for a chance to enjoy at some future time the heritage of every human creature, love and home and children. Undoubtedly, she had saved a little, her dowry, she called it, but its amount was written in her brain and on her heart. Tolling off their joint income, dollar by dollar, penny by penny, she and Horace together, was a part of their Sunday's routine.

Sundays Nell often said were Horace-days. Horace had Sundays off also, and they spent their one free day together. For the most part they spent the day, planning, making schemes to make their dreams come true. While she had merely worked, Horace had slaved; he had scraped together a sum that matched her own savings and there was a little place up-state where he wished to make their home.

He wanted to marry at once, now that the little place was paid for, but then, Nell countered, when during the long years since they had known they belonged to each other, had he not wanted to do so?

As though some of the glow from the steady flame of his adoration reached out to her, Nell felt her cheeks grow hot.

Suddenly, she knew that it was hard on Horace, harder than upon herself. Black men really had tougher sledding than black women, she thought, tenderly. She loved him so, she communed in her heart. That's why she wanted things; demanded them, those things that later, would insure their peace and contentment in their nest of a home. That's why . . . She checked herself, smiling whimsically at finding herself beginning to use all the arguments that she was wont to use upon Horace over and over to convince him that they must work on and wait a little longer.

Then for no reason at all, two old figures lumbered through her consciousness, glimmeringly like moving shadows on a wall.

One very black and stout old lady, one very stout and white old lady said: "No suh, they'll never come through what we done come through."

"Lord, chile, they couldn't begin to do 't."

Nell tossed back her head and laughed. . . The darling funny old dears!

Aroused from her day-dreams, her slender brown fingers played for a time, on the keys of her typewriter, but

thoughts of Horace would not down. As the moments sped, her thoughts became laden with foreboding; she decided to call him. It was against the rules, but just this once.

—Employees must not use telephone during working-hours, except emergencies.—

A placard advised her as she dialed. It was emergency she concluded grimly. Never before had such warning intuition driven her. Never before had a desire to call to Horace through space tormented her as it did now; never before had longing, intense as pain made her want to stretch out her arms and encircle him close, close to her heart. . .

"Horace Canning has quit the company," an ironic voice informed her over the wire.

"Horace—quit—his—job?" Nell gasped the words foolishly and was restored to sanity only by the sound of a faint click striking into her ear.

She alighted from the car four blocks from home. She had not found Horace, though she had verified the information received by telephone. Horace had given up his job, though, that no longer mattered; she had lost her's too. She had given it up to look for Horace.

She could not avoid seeing the knot of people gathered on the corner. A cursory glance revealed it to be several boys in their teens and younger mingling with the usual motley street-crowd that is attracted willy-nilly to anything that happens. Intent with her own concern she was hastening on when some horrid cataclysm rushed out to meet her, paralyzing her until sight and sound and feeling swirled and clashed into one agonizing tempest of emotion that sent her running, screaming headlong into the crowd. Horace was in the midst of it, a disheveled funny-looking Horace, but her Horace!

Magically, they made way for her to pass . . . Save for a few taunts—a prolonged "Boo," "Sic 'em, Sic 'em", "Atta Girl", "Geese"—nothing was done to hinder her. Presently, she was beside Horace, placing trembling hands upon his shoulder. At her touch, he turned, looked at her a moment, unknowingly, and announced thickly:—

"I need-sh my girl, hic, but she-sh won't-sh have me!"

Nell's grasp on his shoulder tightened; she shook him furiously. . . "Horace, oh Horace, how could you? How could you?"

The crowd dwindled away. As for that, Nell had forgotten that there ever was a crowd. She looked for a taxi. Horace lurched heavily against her, and asked in ludicrous bewilderment:

"Is-sh you, hic, Nellie by-sh any chanc-sh?"

"Tut, tut. . ." said someone close beside her, with a voice whose high old cackle dropped through Nell's dismay like a ray of sunlight into a dark crevice.

"He be your'n, honey, your man?" queried the voice. Nell knew it belonged to the old black woman of the morning.

"Take 'im, chile don't you dast to leave 'im when he needs yo'," chimed in another quavering old voice.

"Just you take 'im home. A cup of right hot coffee 'll fix 'im or a speck of tomatoes 'will be better."

Without more ado, they were walking together. The trundling gait of the two old women matching nicely with Horace's unsteady steps.

"'Tis a trouble men folks be," offered one.

"But a sweet trouble 'tis," proffered the other.

"Trouble ain't never harmed nary one of us. What's more, us wimens can make men folks what us choose to."

"'Deed so! Us 'tis what makes 'em or breaks 'ems."

Then they performed a tempered replica of their high cackling laughter of the morning. Soon afterwards, they left her, turning off down their street.

The next day, while Nell sat waiting proudly high-headed looking straight a-head, she was not certain that these two old ladies had really joined her. Yet without effort, she could vision the black old woman in her queer black coat and the old white woman in her brown bonnet and red-knitted sweater. Oddly enough, their high cackling old voices still rang in her ears:

"Trouble ain't never harmed nary one of us," made a tune like a Spiritual. . .

"The idees and the whimsies of these 'ere young 'uns do beat me," was an epitome of the wisdom of old age.

"No suh, they'll never come through what we done come through."

"Lord, chile, they couldn't begin to do 't," was like a skit of Negro comedy, and Nell tossed back her head and laughed.

The intangibleness of those two old women enthralled her. Life, too, was like that, Nell mused, made up of intangible veils that became real only as you lifted them one by one, always, to find others and yet others, on and on. Love was one of the veils, so gossamer and fine, so fragile and easily broken. Love was one of life's veils that could never be brushed aside to grasp another. If you dared, once having it, to let it go, it was lost forever. You had to take it when you came to it, but once you caught and held it, it became for all time, a magic carpet.

Horace was coming towards her; tickets were in his hand. The porter was calling their train. Above all the ensuing bustle of departure, she caught the sound of a high, old cackle:

"Deed so! . . . 'tis us what makes 'em or breaks 'em."

All Aboard!

At last, Horace and she were settled in their seats, on their way to the little place up-state, still short thousands of dollars of what they intended having. But she was glad, oh so glad.

"Happy?" asked Horace suddenly, his arm going around her.

"Happy!" breathed Nell with a great content.

Spring Rains

By Effie Lee Newsome

SPRING rains, you weep the wistfullness
Of dead years,
And unearth the spring-purged smell of
Wilted leaves
That are as memories
Moldering.

You are blue as the violet,
Sad as the dove,
Dimly, dimly you sing on the roof.
Your murmuring puts my eyes to sleep.
But my heart remains awake
And my nostrils are full of the roses
That shall come
After this gray smoldering.

Black Dancers

By Langston Hughes

We
Who have nothing to lose
Must sing and dance
Before the riches
Of the world
Overcome
Us.

We
Who have nothing to lose
Must laugh and dance
Lest our laughter
Goes from
Us.

Miscegenation

By Clarence F. Bryson

THE thunder wooed the far, pale moon
Through storms and bitter rain.
The night seduced the shrinking day
In arms where dusk had lain.

The moon has wed the thunder-bolt—
The storm has wed the sea—
Black April took fair May to bride—
What will the harvest be?

We two are wed! We challenge life
And friend's duplicity!
Since Death shall reap, what matter, then,
What crop the harvest be?

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

AMERICA

In the Public Service

Dr. Aldrich R. Burton, Chief of the Genito-urinary Department and a member of the Board of Directors of Mercy Hospital, Philadelphia, has been awarded a grant by the Oberlander Trust of the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation for study at the leading urological and venereal disease clinics of Germany and Austria. A distinguished record for service in raising the standards of public health work is behind Dr. Burton. He has worked with the United States Public Health Service; has served on public health committees of the National Medical Association and Association of Former Internes of Freedmen's Hospital, Washington, D. C., and is a member of the Sigma Pi Phi Fraternity.

Wings

The proposal of the Capitol Airport at Indianapolis to open its doors to colored students and proposed flyers who are feeling the urge of wings, marks a step in aviation for the American continent. The flying school and airport are operating under the Department of Commerce's rules and regulations and the quality of instruction, equipment and facilities meet the highest standards. Less than a score of Negroes are trained in aviation.

Interstate Oratorical Contest

Students of Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas and Kentucky were invited to compete in the Interscholastic Oratorical contest launched by Le Moyne College. A scholarship covering a year's tuition at Le Moyne was granted the winner.

Heroes and Valets

While the President and government officials congratulated Eddie Augustus Savoy, 78 year old door-keeper and long messenger to Secretaries of State on his sixty-two years of faithful service, the retiring Secretary of Agriculture told his valet what he thought of him. Edward Crockett expressed his regret that the secretary was leaving and asked that he autograph a photograph for him. Ex-Secretary Hyde wrote: "To Eddie, the big nigger, Arthur M. Hyde."

Negro History

The Lit-Mus Study Club of Buffalo sponsored the celebration of Negro History Week in Buffalo, Rochester and Niagara Falls. Interest was centered in the exhibits in the libraries of Buffalo where rare and valuable books, and art by local Negro artists were on display. Lists of books by and about Negroes were printed by the library for distribution.

Sorority Meet

"Looking Forward" was the theme of the South Atlantic regional conference of Alpha Kappa Alpha held at Durham in March. The sorors were entertained by Alpha Zeta Omega and Alpha Chi of that city.

Dinah Watts Pace
See page 115

Tornado and Earthquake

The tornado which swept through Nashville and along the Kentucky-Tennessee border took the lives of fifteen Negroes, injured many and damaged homes and business houses. In Los Angeles, although no lives were lost considerable damage was sustained by Negro property owners and business men after the earthquake.

Fame

Two teachers from Spelman visited a little colored public school in the suburbs of Atlanta, March 14, 1933. The children had cut out a picture of Mr. Du Bois and had it on the wall. They were not, however, sure as to just who he was; they said he was a writer but they didn't know whether he was 'proverbial or controversial."

A Negro Legislator

Dr. W. M. Blount has represented Wyandotte County in the Legislature for two terms and is now beginning his third. He presided over the House of Representatives March 7. He is one of the first Negroes to serve in the Legislature and is Chairman of the Committee on Hygiene and Health.

EUROPE

Teacher of Music

Louis Drysdale arrived in London some fourteen years ago, a young colored Jamaican determined to study and teach music. *The London Musical Courier* paid him fine compliments and in *Town and Country News*, recently, an international reputation for perfect training methods was predicted for the professor. His students have won scholarships of the Royal College of Music, The Marion Rowe Scholarship, September, 1932, and the Sir Ernest Palmer Scholarship, May, 1932. It was the first time in eleven years that the Palmer scholarship was awarded for singing.

WORK, WASTE AND WEALTH

Farmers and Food

Mr. McLendon of Lowndes county, Alabama, objects to rations being given unemployed Negroes by the Red Cross at Montgomery because he doesn't believe it right to use public funds to encourage loafing and make it hard for a farmer to find hands. How can he get men to leave at once for his plantation when they receive 35c a day in rations at the relief stations, especially as it's the custom in Lowndes county to pay only 33c a day, with shelter and rations, to wage workers and pay off at *the end of the month.*

State Jobs

Governor Paul V. McNutt has signed the bill of the Indiana state legislature which prohibits contractors working on state projects from discriminating against employees because of race or color.

Barber Shop, Inc.

We direct attention to the gesture of N. B. Herndon, colored business man of Atlanta who presented his entire barber shop valued at $15,000 to his employees.

"Home, James"

Roberts Brooks has been dismissed from the Union League Club, New York City, because the sight of an employee riding to work in a car with a liveried chauffeur was resented by club members.

Negro Business Men

The 1933 session of the Negro Business Men's League will be held in Durham, N. C., August 16 to 18.

ART

Harmon Awards

Harmon awards were presented to seven of the fifty-seven Negro artists whose work was exhibited at the Art Center in New York City, recently. Sargent Johnson of Berkeley, California, received the Robert C. Ogden prize of $150 for the most outstanding work. Palmer Hayden received the painting prize for his Fètiche et Fleurs; William Ellisworth Artis, the John Hope prize in sculpture; James Porter, the Schomburg portrait prize; Earle Richardson, the Bement portrait prize; James L. Wells, the George E.

Little Miss Craver of Texas

Hayes prize for the most representative work in black and white, and James L. Allen, the Commission on Race Relations prize for his photography work.

They Shall Have Music

"The Trade School Singers" of Hampton Institute is the outgrowth of a group of bricklayers, carpenters, mechanics and plumbers who worked by day, studied by night and met after class to sing as a jolly pastime. The tradesmen did so well that the leader, Gerald B. Wilson, who had first taken the work as a merry lark now organized them into a unique chorus whose singing has delighted the Hampton campus and been heartily applauded by the Association of College and Business Managers.

Roland Hayes

A distinguished group of music patrons attended the only New York concert Roland Hayes has given this season. The concert, staged for the benefit of the Urban League, presented Mr. Hayes to the Town Hall audience of 2,000, an artist consummate in talent and skill.

"Run Little Chillun!"

The music, singing and direction of "Run, Little Chillun!" play of Hall Johnson presented at the Lyric Theatre in the heart of New York's play district, have been commended by all of its first night reviewers. Less enthusiastic was the criticism of the lighting and the plot structure.

The Cinema

John Krimsky and Gifford Cochran, who came into fame with their production of *Maedchen in Uniform* begin production of *The Emperor Jones* this spring, with Paul Robeson in the leading role.

Twenty-five colored women, each no less than six feet tall, are to be cast in a new Fox film. Fifty white women of the same height and a group of undersized men will be cast in the talkie telling a romantic story of a kingdom ruled by women giants.

Negro Folk Dance

The Negro Folkdance Group under the direction of Ismay Anderson made its first appearance at the Little Theatre, Harlem Y. M. C. A. in a program of dances, songs, and spirituals presented by the Eva Jessye Choir. The dances interpreted many folk tales and were beautifully costumed.

College Players

The Morgan College Players under the direction of Professor Randolph Edmonds are giving an extensive program of plays in many of the large eastern cities.

N. A. A. C. P.

In D. C.

The Masonic Ballroom in Washington, D. C., was the scene of one of the season's most colorful affairs when a capacity crowd danced to the strains of Tommy Myles' Club Prudhom Orchestra, Smith's "Howard Collegians," and Bill Hester's "Bluebirds," for the benefit of the N.A.A.C.P.

The dance was sponsored by thirty clubs and organizations of the city with Mrs. Helen Gordon Curtis as Chairman. Mrs. Marie Wilson and Mrs. Cecilia Martin were associated with Mrs. Curtis in making general plans. The presidents of the various clubs formed the committee which included twenty-nine leaders of colored social life.

Especial credit must be given those who donated the ballroom, to the Muscians' Union and the orchestras, to the donors of printing and of the large display sign, and to the press for publicity.

After paying a government tax of $51.20, the committee turned over to the N.A.A.C.P. $584.05.

The splendid cooperation of all, together with the support of the public, made the Benefit not only a financial success, but a great tribute to the N.A.A.C.P.

In Memphis

Mrs. Daisy Lampkin, Field Secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., has put over another of her astonishing drives in Memphis. At the very time when the banks were closed, and the colored people unusually despondent, she raised $750 in cash for the Association, and a few more days would have made it $1,000. The Women's Division was headed by Mrs. E. R. Kirk and the Men's Division by the Reverend E. O. Woolfolk. During the campaign, a college chapter was organized in LeMoyne College, and a Junior Branch in the Washington High School. At the closing meeting, the First Baptist Church could not accommodate the audience.

A week later, the young people of that same church asked Dr. Du Bois to speak to them on "What Is Happening To America And To Us?" The audience of 1,500 filled the church and many could not get in. The meeting was arranged by Mr. M. S. Stuart, with many others co-operating.

SCHOOLS

Postgraduate Clinic

The Saint Philip Hospital Postgraduate Clinic for Negro physicians will be held under the auspices of the Medical College of Virginia at Richmond from June 19 to July 1st. Dr. Lee E. Sutton, Jr., dean of the school of medicine is director of the clinic.

Teaching Our Youth

William W. Sanders has been State Supervisor of Negro education in West Virginia for thirteen years. His last report shows the great increase in educa-

Creole Belle's Minstrels, Sponsored by N.A.A.C.P., Kansas City, Missouri
Scene: "Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?"

Dr. W. M. Blount
Member Kansas Legislature, See Pg. 111

TABLE VII

Who's Who in Colored America — Negro Institutions (Degrees)	No. (a)	Inst. (Attendance)	No. (b)	Who's Who in America — Inst. (Degrees)	No. (c)	Inst. (Attendance)	No. (d)
Lincoln U.	82	Howard U.	231	Fisk U.	7	Fisk U.	10
Howard U.	64	Meharry Med. Col.	142	Lincoln U.	6	Atlanta U.	8
Fisk U.	35	Lincoln U.	91	Atlanta U.	5	Howard U.	8
Morehouse College	22	Atlanta U.	80	Howard U.	3	Lincoln U.	7
Atlanta U.	21	Fisk U.	49	Livingstone	2	Wilberforce	5
				Morehouse	2	Allen	5
				New Orleans	2		
				Walden	2		
White Institutions							
University of Chicago	18	Harvard	82	Chicago	4	Chicago	11
Harvard University	14	Chicago	81	Harvard	3	Harvard	10
Yale University	9	Columbia	79	Oberlin	2	Columbia	9
Dartmouth College	6	Boston U.	37	(Numerous others with one each.)		Berlin	3
Indiana University	6	Northwestern	32			Boston	3
						Pennsylvania	3
						Oberlin	3
						Union Theological Seminary	3

The following five schools emerge in a composite rating:
Howard University.....first with 31 points
Lincoln University.....second with 29 points
Fisk University.....third with 16½ points
Atlanta University.....fourth with 14 points
Meharry Medical College.....fifth with 8½ points

tional facilities for Negroes. In 1919, there were 10 Negro high schools, and in 1932, 22. There are ten new high school buildings. The high schools have libraries valued at $43,500, and 178 full-time senior high school teachers and 29 full-time junior high school teachers. Higher education is provided for at the West Virginia State College, at Institute, West Virginia, and at Bluefield State Teachers College. There are 104 associations of parent-teachers in sixteen counties, and the total enrollment in colored junior and senior high schools in 1932 was 5,183. The salaries of white and Negro teachers have been equalized and Negro high school teachers received in 1932, $361,742 in salaries.

The degree of Master of Arts in Home Economics has been bestowed upon 41 colored women by leading universities, including Columbia, Chicago University, Iowa State, Kansas, Cornell, Kansas State, Ohio State and the University of Southern California.

Wilberforce

Wilberforce University is seeking to raise $9,000 for the completion of its year's work. Special effort is being made in Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, New York and New England. The University has 500 students in its college course. It is faced with a possible deficit of $35,000 this year.

Where Are Our Leaders Trained?

Mr. Horace M. Bond has made an interesting study at Fisk on "What Schools Train Negro Leaders." The books "Who's Who in America" and "Who's Who in Colored America" were used to determine leadership.

In the final composite rates, based on the rank of the first five Negro institutions, the report says:

"As a general summary of the problem as to where Negro leaders are trained, the table below brings together the five institutions in each category which led, with reference: (a) to persons reported in Who's Who in Colored America with undergraduate degrees; (b) to persons reported in Who's Who in Colored America who reported attendance; (c) to persons reported in Who's Who in America who reported undergraduate degrees, and (d) persons reported in Who's Who in America who reported attendance.

To Atlanta University

To the faculty of Atlanta University have come two new members, William H. Dean, Jr., in the Department of Economics and Rayford W. Logan in the Department of History. Mr. Dean, Phi Beta Kappa of Bowdoin, continued his studies at Harvard and was awarded the Henry Lee Fellowship in Economics, the highest award at the disposal of the Department. Mr. Logan a member of the Phi Beta Kappa of Williams College received the Master of Arts degree from Williams College in 1929 and from Harvard in 1932. He is also associated with the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History.

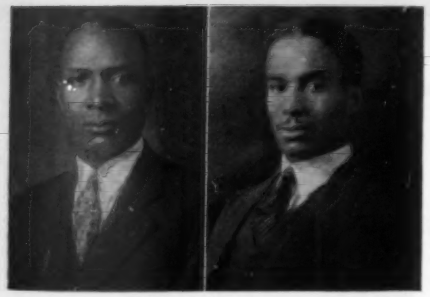
Summer School Center

The Atlanta University Summer School with six affiliated colleges will open June 10 and pool the resources of all the institutions of higher learning for Negroes in Atlanta, meeting the needs of teachers, social workers, and graduate and undergraduate students. The affiliated colleges are: Spelman, Morehouse, Morris Brown, Clark, Atlanta School of Social Work and Gammon Theological Seminary.

New College Site

Dillard University will open on its new site in the fall of 1934 according to the recent decision of the University Trustees who approved plans and specifications of the architect for academic and dormitory buildings and landscaping of the grounds.

Winning Team of N.A.A.C.P. Workers, Toledo, Ohio



Crisis Prize Agents

Tennessee State College

Tennessee A. and I. State College was admitted to membership and placed on the list of approved institutions by the American Association of Teachers Colleges at the Minneapolis meeting of the Association.

Brookwood College Split

Among the majority of students who left Brookwood Labor College when the board of labor directors failed to support A. J. Muste, director of the school and Tom Tippett extension director, were Thyra J. Edwards, Edith Turner and Benjamin McLaurin. These three Negro students believed that Muste and Tippitt "stood square on the race question," and on the industrial front refused to countenance race lines and discrimination. The contention at Brookwood arose over the relation of the college to the Conference of Progressive Labor Action of which Muste is director.

Howard School of Music

A scholarship to be determined by examination will be awarded the new student showing the greatest amount of talent in piano, voice, organ or violin work at the Howard University School of Music in the Spring Quarter, 1933.

AWARDS

Appointment of I. J. K. Wells as Supervisor of Negro Schools in West Virgina.

Appointment as assistant attorney general of the state of Illinois to Earl B. Dickerson, democrat of the middle west.

To Willie Wynne, Brooklyn basketball ace, the presidency of the Boys' High School Allied Activities, the student council. Willie, candidate of the Red and Black party defeated his opponent by a vote of 991 to 913.

Presidency of the New York State Youth Council of Religious Education voted to Martin Harvey, New York University senior.

To Daisy Embry and Virginia McGill of the Louisville Municipal College, two scholarships awarded by Xi Chapter of Delta Sigma Theta.

For his essay on "The Boston Tea Party," first prize of $100 to Ralph E. Johnston, Harvard sophomore from the Old South Meeting House.

To William G. Moseley, Jr., election to the "Meristen," honorary science club of Northwestern University.

According to the will of Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Stevens of Syracuse, N. Y., their entire estate, real and personal will go to the N.A.A.C.P.

To Walter White, secretary of the N.A.A.C.P. membership on the board of visitors of the New York state training school for boys at Warwick, N. Y.

To Tuskegee Institute, by the will of Mrs. Therese Schiff $10,000.

To Mrs. Mary Welter as a reward for 20 years of service, legacy of $50,000 from Mrs. Arthur S. Parker, her employer.

Crisis Prize Winners

We had four prize winners as the result of a Circulation Contest among our CRISIS agents, not long ago. Special Commission and Special Bonus were given the agent making the highest total average increase in sales for three months.

Mr. Stewart H. Smith, of California, First Prize Winner, says: "Received by air mail special today your check for $14.25 for which I am very grateful. My pleasure over winning First Prize is only exceeded by my earnest desire to do bigger and better things for the foremost magazine of the race."

Mrs. Luberta Johnson, Oklahoma, Second Prize Winner, says: "Words can hardly express how happy I was when the news came that I had won Second Prize, $12.00 in THE CRISIS Contest. I hope to keep up this splendid record. It is quite a pleasure to represent such a worthwhile magazine."

Mr. Olin Hall, Arizona, Third Prize Winner, says: "I was very glad to receive $6.51 as Third Prize Winner. I wish I had been able to sell many more."

We make honorable mention of Mrs. E. H. Martin, Florida, Fourth Prize Winner of $3.55.

AFRICA

An African King

The coronation of Prince Falolu, the new Eleko, of the famous House of Docemo, has been held at Lagos. He was nominated and appointed by a council, consisting of seven of the direct descendants of King Docemo and thirty-five princes of other ruling houses, together with 48 princesses. A crowd of fully ten thousand people accompanied him to the coronation, and lined the streets. Americans have no idea of the antiquity and power of the great black West African families.

A War Memorial

On last Christmas day thousands of people took their first view of the war memorial of the Royal West African Volunteer Force. It was unveiled at three o'clock in the afternoon. It is a fine bronze figure of an African soldier. The volunteer force is administered by the English Colonial Office, and consists of eight battalions of a regiment in Nigeria and five battalions of a regiment in the Gold Coast, and a battalion at Sierra Leone. The whole force took part in the World War and the King of England is Honorary Colonel.

A Wedding

In Sierra Leone, the marriage has lately been celebrated between Miss Levina Bright and Dr. W. F. O. Taylor of the Sierra Leone Medical Service. The bride is the sister of the well-known Dr. H. C. Bankole-Bright.

Tana Dam

Sometime ago the White Engineering Corporation of New York City made a contract with the government of Ethiopia to build a dam at Lake Tana, the headwaters of the blue Nile in Abyssinia. Immediately, the British and the Egyptians were aroused. Great Britain, having seized the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, controls the flow of the waters of the Nile by her great engineering projects at

Alpha Phi Alpha Chapter, University of Minnesota. This Fraternity Has Led the University in Scholarship Two Successive Years

Assuan and Sennar. This puts British hands at the throat of life in Egypt; but if Abyssinia should assert control over the annual great over-flow of the blue Nile, she would tremendously influence the economic development of the Sudan. No wonder the British are alarmed.

A conference has been called at Addis Abba, the capital of Ethiopia, between the representatives of the engineering corporation, the government of Abyssinia, and the governments of Egypt, the Sudan and Great Britain. The Egyptians are suspicious of the British, and it would behoove Ethiopia to be equally suspicious.

DIED

Dinah Watts Pace, at Covington, Georgia, at the age of 80. She was born a slave; educated at Atlanta University, where she was graduated in 1883, and went to Covington as a teacher. In 1884, she took two little colored orphans into her own home. Then she rented a two-room cabin and furnished it with dry-good boxes. Mrs. A. C. Reed of Manchester, Vermont, saw her efforts and sent her $1,000. With this she began the Reed Home and School and gave to the training of 700 orphans her whole life and effort. She suffered all sorts of vicissitudes, and in 1917 her girls' dormitory was burned down. The traces of her children can be found all over the United States, where they have made unusual success. The work will be carried on by her neice, Annie May Watts.

Naurice N. Francis, at Chicago at the age of 46. He was born in Kansas City and came to Chicago as a child, beginning his work at a tailor shop. In 1920, he graduated from the Illinois College of Chiropodi, standing second in his class, and becoming a well-known practitioner, especially among theatrical folk.

In West Africa, Commandant Abdel-Kader Mademba. He rose in the French Army from the ranks to the command of a battalion of Senegalese tirailleurs. As a Lieutenant at Berdum, he won special distinction for rallying his company at a critical time. In the Dardenelles, he was shot through the lung and this wound led to his death at the age of 38.

Noah D. Thompson, journalist and business manager of *Opportunity* Magazine, after an active life in the newspaper field.

Lowell W. Baker, construction engineer, United States Treasury Department, from injuries suffered when he fell while working on the new Detroit Federal building, the construction of which he supervised.

Arthur W. Lynch, assistant manager of the Royal Theatre in Washington, D. C., and former publisher and editor of the *Philadelphia American*, the *Public Journal* and *The Independent*.

George White, business manager of *The Independent*, Philadelphia and secretary of the local N.A.A.C.P.

In British West Africa, Eweka, Oba of Benin, Chief of the Nigerian branch of the tribes. He was son of the Chief who reigned at the City of Benin in 1897, at the time of the British conquest.

In British West Africa, Alli Oguniake, paramount Chief of a branch of the Yorubas, at the age of 75.

BOOKS

We have received: *The Miseducation of the Negro* by Carter G. Woodson, The Associated Publishers, Inc.; *The Negro's Church* by Benjamin E. Mays and Joseph W. Nicholson, Institute of Social and Religious Research; *Princess Malah*, by John H. Hill, The Associated Publishers; *Forced Labor in the United States* by Walter Wilson, International Publishers; *Little Verses* by Naomi S. Smith, privately printed; *Christ in the Breadline* by K. W. Porter, S. G. Link and H. E. Hurd, The Driftwood Press.

The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God. By Bernard Shaw. Dodd Mead and Company.

This is a little brochure of 75 pages, delightfully illustrated. It must be read twice by the thoughtful, three times by the dull, and not at all by fools. It is an attempt to rescue the bible in its one and only surviving message, the idea of God. Searching for this last word of metaphysics, the author says:

"And now I think the adventures of the black girl as revealed to me need no longer puzzle anyone. They could hardly have happened to a white girl steeped from her birth in the pseudo-Christianity of the Churches. I take it that the missionary lifted her straight out of her native tribal fetichism into an unbiased contemplation of the Bible with its series of gods marking stages in the development of the conception of God from the monster Bogey Man to the Father; then to the Spirit without body, parts, nor passions; and finally to the definition of that spirit in the words God is Love."

Her lovely adventures, from the time she knocked the bogey man over with her knobkerry to her marriage with a red-headed Irishman (he looks like Shaw) in Voltaire's garden, — but why attempt to translate Shaw, the untranslatable!

University of Michigan Plays, Volume III. (George Wahr, Ann Arbor, Michigan)

"The Bright Medallion," a one-act play by Doris D. Price of the University of Michigan is a realistic "genre" sketch of southern Negro life which barely escapes being melodramatic because of its sincerity of treatment and a portrayal of certain growing spiritual qualities in the characters of the principals. Although Sammy is a very real hero, and Ed a very real villian, and the fire is a necessary catastrophe for the conclusion of the plot, these very elements of clear-cut characterization and vigorous action commend the play for certain types of amateur acting. Moreover, there is a wholesome and sane flavor throughout, reflected in the remarks of the grief-stricken young Consy when she says of the baby, "I'll raise hit respectable," and in the attitude of the neighbors when they voluntarily raise a collection that their war-hero might have "a stonehead fer his grave lak de white-folks."

"The Eyes of the Old," another one-act play by the same author is decidedly more modern in treatment and in theme. With practically no plot, it is hardly more than a sketch of a quaintly philosophical old Negro grandmother and her equally philosophical though modern granddaughter. It is a refreshing version of the universal three-generation theme done with Negro characters. Miss Price reveals here an unusually sympathetic understanding of human nature for so young a writer and gives promise of real dramatic power.

Caroline Bond Day.

Mrs. Caseley Hayford of Freetown, Sierra Leone, B. W. A. and the girls of her school who won a prize cup at a recent competition

Postscript

by W. E. B. Du Bois

THE NEED OF THE HOUR—A MESSAGE FROM A "NORDIC"

IN order to do justice to our innocent childhood, whose joys and sorrows are the fruits of our making, it is our duty to speak out clearly on the ways and whys of our civilization. In the spirit of true internationalism, without exception, great and lowly, rich and poor, colored and white, all find themselves in the midst of a crisis breeding despair and foreboding doom. Surrounded by material and improvised riches, we manage to survive with the aid of plunder and charity only; professing creeds of love, service and Brotherhood, we let might supersede right, and squander lives and the wealth of nations on the creation of ill will and fatal antagonisms, culminating in wholesale crime and murder at home and abroad; boasting of a civilization with scientific genius to the fore, the destitute masses of humanity are continuously subjected to a life of servitude, uncertainty, brutalities that shame the savage of antiquity as well as the beast of the jungle. If we are ever to have any genuine and universal progress, if a grand calamity of international annihilation is to be avoided, if we wish to save our offspring from the horrors of a humanity gone mad,—betrayed and led astray by leaders who ought to know and are able to do better had they a little of a living conscience,—we, in our capacity as individuals, and the nations of the world through their responsible spokesmen, must confess our failure, repent our crimes, rehearse in open our major evils, then manly point out the corrective steps necessary to instill hope in the heavy hearts of men and to rekindle faith in the ultimate victory of right over might; where the varied experiences of the different races, creeds and nations fuse of their very best and noblest for the good of all, with regret to none.

At the outset it must be recorded and remembered for all times that the human race is one, its material and spiritual aspirations are fair, in spite of all the many ill-conceived man-made prerogatives to the contrary. When a human mother conceives in love and gives birth to a new life, it is sheer criminal stupidity to deprive parent and child of all those already available blessings just because their external shade happens to be black, brown, yellow or white, or just because they are expressing the thoughts of their minds and hearts in a different tongue, trusting innocently in a particular deity. The accidents of birth—color, religion, nationality—must not blight the natural and legitimate needs and aspirations of man. Without this fundamental understanding, which must be made the way of thought and learning from nursery to manhood, there can be no genuine progress and no hope for a better world.

Of the many ills that plague mankind, for which organized society and modern civilization is fully responsible, we must learn to recognize and labor to amend the following:

1. *The Economic Evil.* Upholding as we must the oneness of the human race, we cannot fail to behold the rule of economic inequality that sets man against man, class against class, nation against nation, with little regard for the rules of justice and the natural inalienable rights of man. Men are rational beings; but when they are hungry and their beloved ones are suffering the pangs of deprivation then they forego reason and are ready to do the most unreasonable. Economic injustice and insecurity brought us to where we are—"drifting over a Niagara of tragic despair." There is only one remedy: Organized society must accept social responsibility and so reorganize its group life as to guarantee to all ample food, clothing and shelter, as well as opportunities for comfort and recrcation modern science makes possible with the minimum of effort and waste.

2. *The Political Evil.* Politics, as practiced at home and among the nations of the world, is a game of immoral selfishness where the welfare of the many is always sacrificed to the greed of the cunning few. That is why the peoples of the earth are continuously bled to death to maintain the unprofitable Departments of War. That is why we have fears, jealousies, hatreds, strife. To escape the inevitably impending catastrophe established authority of State must substitute truth, service, cooperation for the cut-throat practices which leave victim and victor prostrated. As a modern disciple of the immortal Spinoza succinctly states the task of the hour: *"The time has come for real world-work. Mere talk and sham must be replaced by real activity . . . . A new declaration must be formed: The Declaration of Ethical Independence."* No sermonizing, but commonsense demands it.

3. *The Racial and Religious Evils.* Races and Religions are the cumulative effects of physical and spiritual or emotional adaptations of man. Under a moral and intelligent as well as responsible leadership, such varied experiences would and undoubtedly should increase the physical, spiritual and cultural growth and happiness of men, by encouraging the development of the best there is in each for the good of all. Instead, we see an endless chain of inhuman despotisms—political, economic and theological—scattering the seeds of darkness, chaos and desolation in their wake. The innocent, helpless and misguided multitudes continuously saturate with their blood the illy-conceived and brutally executed frays of kings, lords, bishops and unscrupulous monopolists of the wealth of the nations, whose greed, cruelty and selfishness know no bounds. As a convenient opiate, racial and religious experiences have been used by the villains in authority to cover up their true nature and misdeeds, as well as to prevent the masses of the world from seeing the light. As a direct result we have those dreadful blots of serfdom, slavery, imperialisms and a legion of other means created for the exploitation and degradation of the masses. All these crimes are the fruit of the opulent Nordic, whose mismanagement and egotism brought our civilization to the brink of the deplorable present.

Organized society, through its constituted authority and responsibile leadership in all walks of life, must face the truth, execute a complete right-about face and show up the unreality behind the prejudices and antagonisms of race and religion, stressing in practice the unity of men and the benefits derived from a joint creation and administration of all those things that promise the physical and spiritual well-being and happiness of all, irrespective of color, creed and nationality. If we must have gods and racial altars, let us train ourselves and our children in the worship of Truth, Justice, Vision, Intelligence, Culture; and racial equality, economic justice, creative peace and unity is bound to follow. Let us remember, that the all-around well-being of every man, woman and child, of every race, every

creed and every nationality throughout the globe, must be guaranteed; and we have the facilities to make it come true. From the primitive ways of the caveman we have climbed the mighty wall of unlimited opportunities for individual and universal bliss; but, like the naughty Humpty Dumpty, we sat on that wall, bringing ourselves foolishly to such a fall that all our social trotters and all our great men cannot put our disjoined bones together again. If we wish to avoid the rule of Dictatorships and the scourge of Revolutions, we must see that Justice be done in the practicable and sensible ways well and nigh at the service of the men in authority, where peaceful and intelligent reorganization is possible.

Here is a momentous challenge and rare opportunity for repenting white and awakened colored to join hands in a common cause:—in cooperative efforts peaceably serve the highest good of each and all.

DAVID JOBMAN

PAY YOUR POLL TAXES

A DRIVE for 10,000 voters is launched. There are 35,000 colored people assessed for poll taxes and of that number 5,000 registered voters do not interest themselves enough to pay their taxes so as to vote. We are appealing to every man and woman who has reached the age of 21 to pay his 1930, 1931 and 1932 poll taxes before May 1st so that he can vote in the August Primary and November election. The people will be called upon to elect a Governor, Lieut.-Governor, Atty. General, Commonwealth Atty., City Treasurer, Commissioner of Revenue, Sheriff, High Constable, three Justices of the Peace for each ward, members of the General Assembly and other officers. Prohibition is to be voted on by the people to determine whether Virginia will be wet or dry. We are appealing to the 1,500 voters who were qualified and voted in the presidential election to pay their 1932 poll tax so as to vote in this year's election, as they only owe one year's assessment.

Let it be every man and woman's slogan to get our people to pay their taxes and vote. The ballot is the mighty weapon to use against our enemies and for our friends. Arm 'yourself with the ballot.

Think of 87 men and women being arrested illegally. Your ballot can and will end this and all other illegal arrests. We now appeal to the ministers, business men and women, men and women of the working group, heads of organizations, and housewives to use their influence in getting our people to qualify themselves as voters. To vote in a Democratic primary, you must be a Democrat. This is where our votes will count and we will have power. This organization is working honestly and conscientiously for the good of our people; we have not received one penny at any time from any party or source since we organized; and will not accept any. What we are working for is *to get things done.*

RICHMOND, VA., COLORED DEMOCRATIC LEAGUE

SCHOOL TAXATION

WILLIS A. SUTTON, Superintendent in the Public Schools of Georgia, writes in *Religious Education* on the "Correct Racial Attitudes in the Public Schools." He says among other things: "We are showing that the great mass of property in this part of the world is owned and controlled by the white people, and that they are willing to tax themselves to give the Negro educational advantages. We are showing that employment is being provided. That development of the native resources of the Negro race is made largely at the expense of the white man's money. Therefore, the Negro should have the right attitude toward the white man."

This extraordinary piece of economic reasoning proves better than any words of ours that even the intelligent, white South is today at least fifty years behind modern thought. Here are black workers, who as slaves for hundreds of years, made the wealth of the South. Here are black workers, who in chain gangs and as serfs, as free laborers and artisans, have been rolling up profits for the post-war South. As buyers of commodities, and renters of land and houses, they have been one of the chief sources of the white man's wealth and money, Through their employment, the South has prospered and grown rich. In return for that, they have received an inadequate, wretchedly housed school system, with teachers paid little or nothing. And in return for this, they are told to regard employment and education as the gift of the white people and to be thankful for it. We commend this bit of philosophy to the workers of the world.

SCOTTSBORO

SCOTTSBORO is the perfect fruit of a generation of organized lying concerning conditions in the South. It is doubtful if anybody believes that these young, ignorant Negroes were guilty of any crime; but, on the other hand, in order to defend the judicial system of the South; in order to protect manipulation of juries and political rotten boroughs; in order to uphold the integrity of the white race; it is necessary for public officials to go into court and to swear that Negroes may and do serve on juries in Alabama; that the testimony of a poor social outcast is to be believed to the extent of murdering seven human beings, and that the courts of Alabama seek to give fair and exact justice to colored persons who are arrested!

There isn't a sane person in the United States that believes any one of these allegations, and yet at best these poor boys are going to be imprisoned for life, and it would be simply merciful in Alabama if such a sentence were commuted to hanging.

There is but one remedy for such a situation. The black governed must have a voice in white government. Wholesale disfranchisement in the South must yield to reason. There can be no protection for the disfranchised oppressed against the sadistic mob, even though the better thinking people of the state want justice and mercy. Nothing so nearly as Scottsboro proves the utter futility of the argument, that if political power is taken from the Negro, he will be protected in his rights by the best people of the South. In the face of wholesale disfranchisement, the best people are as helpless as the worst.

THE JEWS

IT seems impossible that in the middle of the 20th Century a country like Germany could turn to race hate as a political expedient. Surely, the example of America is enough to warn the world. And yet so long as children are taught to believe in hierarchy of races, and in the innate superiority of certain racial groups, just so long it will be possible to appeal to racial animosity for political effect. The absurdity of it in the case of Germany is too patent to recall. One has only to think of a hundred names like Mendelssohn, Heine, and Einstein, to remember but partially what the Jew has done for German civilization. It all reminds the American Negro that after all race prejudice has nothing to do with accomplishment or desert, with genius or ability. It is an ugly, dirty thing. It feeds on envy and hate.

APPRECIATION

Dear Dr. Du Bois:

I have just been reading with the greatest pleasure your article "Color Caste in the United States" in the March CRISIS. It seems to me that it would be an excellent idea to reprint it as a small booklet. You state the case very clearly and effectively.

H. L. MENCKEN

Dear Dr. Du Bois:

I wish that I could do something for THE CRISIS but, alas, I am not now in between books. I have started another and in such full swing that I cannot write anything else whatever. I have refused a number of invitations to write things but there is no magazine which I refuse with more regret than I do THE CRISIS.

SINCLAIR LEWIS

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

MARXISM

(*Continued from page* 104)

protect him from both parties, and such practical economic insight as will prevent inside the race group any large development of capitalistic exploitation.

Meantime, comes the Great Depression. It levels all in mighty catastrophe. The fantastic industrial structure of America is threatened with ruin. The trade unions of skilled labor are double-tongued and helpless. Unskilled and common white labor is too frightened at Negro competition to attempt united action. It only begs a dole. The reformist program of Socialism meets no response from the white proletariat because it offers no escape to wealth and no effective bar to black labor, and a mud-sill of black labor is essential to white labor's standard of living. The shrill cry of a few communists is not even listened to, because and solely because it seeks to break down barriers between black and white. There is not at present the slightest indication that a Marxian revolution based on a united class-conscious proletariat is anywhere on the American far horizon. Rather race antagonism and labor group rivalry is still undisturbed by world catastrophe. In the hearts of black laborers alone, therefore, lie those ideals of democracy in politics and industry which may in time make the workers of the world effective dictators of civilization.

NEGRO BOYS

(*Continued from page* 107)

a hardening and becoming common of the best in him, his latent intelligence never developed, and the loss of even the desire to work,—an habitual bum, if not a criminal.

Add to these two boys the thousands of other homeless Negro boys wandering about the country today, who will also be the prey of vicious old men and women; who will also suffer years of mal-nutrition, and lack even the rudiments of an education,—and there exists a situation that makes the future of the Negroes in America grow steadily darker.

When one thinks that these boys will be among the last to be gathered up when the campaign is started to round up these wandering children and realizes the poverty of their own race and inability to help them, it is indisputably evident that a large number of our youth soon will have returned to the position Negro Youth occupied when freed from slavery—illiterate in mind, diseased in body, destitute, homeless.

Do I see hovering over these boys "Our Lady of Sighs?" I think so. Let us hope that by her side soon does not stand "Our Lady of Despair."

VIRGIN ISLANDS

(*Continued from page* 108)

the coal-ship to sell all sorts of merchandise, beads and fruits to the sailors, was a reminder of the folk crys heard in the early morning hours as the soft trade-winds wafted up the calls from the terraces below to the private tiered gardens above. From the women fish venders, who went from door to door carrying on their head large baskets of "gouton," a fish of perfectly blue skin which looks like halibut, the cry was heard:

"Ice fish for breakfast—Ice fish
Good for stew!"

Here "breakfast" is the name of the second meal of the day, served at the luncheon hour, so the cry explains that the fish has been protected from the heat of the tropical sun which would make it edible for the mid-day "breakfast." At the fish market the fishermen call out their

"Hi Fo' Dinner"—"King Fish! 5 cents a Junk!"

Close upon the heels of the fish vender, comes the banana man—

"Bananas—Ba-nan-as!"

It was noticeable that the Danish West Indies street-cries were much shorter and less musical than those of Porto Rico.

Of greater musical and ethnological interest were the dance rhythms. A yard-boy, "Dargan" irresponsible and shiftless yet loyal and faithful to our host by whom he was employed, liked nothing better than to dance and to lie in the hot sun. He preferred to do his spontaneous dancing unobserved and un-noticed. However he was persuaded to dance the "Bamboula" for us.

Morning breaks and at noon, Dargan dances unheeding the hot mid-day sun that beats down relentlessly between the pagoda top to the tiered gardens below. The sun sets. Casting wavering shadows to the tune of the clattering of wind-swept leaves of the "Woman's Tongue" tree, the moonlight dances upon the castles of Bluebeard and Blackbeard. The ghosts of the fourteen wives of Teach, the pirate, peep from un-fortressed windows but see only the mirage of snow-covered mountains—the red-roofed dream houses on the hill-tops of St. Thomas bathed in white moonlight. With the passing of the dawn, the imaginary mass of mountains and ravines become a tropical village of sun-lit houses nestled in gardens of cactus hedges and bourganvillea with a riot of cultivated roses. It is a fitting background for the wildflowers of folk song that burst forth in revocation and prophecy from the throats of humble, dusky singers.

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